

# THE OLIVE LEAF

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### Summer in Winter.

SUMMER in winter! How strange it seems,  
 When the skies are dark and the land is bare  
 When the storm fiend flies, and the snowflakes  
 fall,  
 And all out of doors is forbidding and wild;  
 That the fireside glow gives a hint of dreams,  
 And the season's gladness a truce to care;  
 While children's voices like Angels call,  
 As once in the ages they sang of The Child.  
 Midwinter without brings summer within  
 And the spirit of Christmas makes all men kin.  
W. O. C.

### A Christmas Eve Story.

"YES, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engine-driver, as he plied his oil-can about and under his engine. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. It was on the day before Christmas, when many people were travelling, and my train was full. But it was not the passengers that gave me the great start and touched me so closely. I was running along in the afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the rails run through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feelings.

"There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slacken much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brakes, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed, and shouted to me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking towards the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt and the dog had saved her.

"My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman! I couldn't help it; I had a little girl of my own at home."

*Selected.*

### Another Train Illustration.

NOR many months ago an express train started from New York for Philadelphia. It was full of passengers, and travelled very fast. As it approached Philadelphia it ought to have gone more slowly; instead, it rushed on at full speed; the fireman became alarmed, and looked to see what was the matter; there was the driver sitting in his usual place, with his hand on the controlling lever; but he was dead; he had died suddenly of heart disease. The fireman quickly stopped the train, and a terrible accident was averted; but what an awful thing! An express train with a dead driver! And yet, an immoral person who pays no heed to Conscience, in whom indeed Conscience, the Ruler and Controller of conduct, is dead, is an even more awful thing. Is your conscience alive and sensitive, or is it dead? Answer the question honestly in the sight of God. How does conscience punish those who do not listen to its voice? In a very simple and serious way; it just ceases to speak, it keeps silence. When a friend repeatedly gives

you good advice or warning and you refuse to take it, does he not at last cease to advise or warn you? Certainly he does, and so also does Conscience.

You have heard of submarines, small ships of war, which can sink and travel under the water; the engines of a submarine are somewhat like those of a motor-car, and are worked by a very dangerous spirit called gasolene; a very small escape of gasolene may cause a serious explosion, destroying the ship and drowning all the men inside it. Now how can the escape of gasolene be quickly detected? It has been found that white mice can, by the faculty of smell, discover when gasolene is escaping much sooner than man, and if even a little is

said to his officers: "Come, follow me, and we shall quickly destroy them." On his arrival the rebels submitted to him, and all expected that he would take the most signal revenge. Instead of this the captives were treated with the utmost humanity. "How!" cried his Minister of State, "is this the manner in which your promise is fulfilled? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and, lo, you have pardoned them all, and even some of them have been caressed." "I promised," said the Emperor, generously, "to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word, for, see, they are enemies no longer. I have made friends of them."

*Exchange.*



escaping, they show signs of much distress, squeaking and crying out; and so two white mice are always kept on every submarine belonging to the British Navy. One day, not long ago, when a submarine was under the water, near Newhaven, a sailor noticed that the mice were experiencing great pain and discomfort and making a little squeaking noise; he was sure that the gasolene was escaping, and so he at once told the captain; the ship was brought to the surface and taken safely into harbour. What would have happened if the sailor had taken no notice of the warning given by the mice? The mice would have died; their voices would have become silent, and the ship and all the men in it might have perished.



### How to Destroy our Enemies.

It is recorded of a certain Chinese Emperor that, upon being apprised that his enemies had raised an insurrection in a distant province, he

### Practising for Christmas.

"WHY don't you sing, you naughty boy?"

You'll never learn this song,  
And Santa Claus you'll so annoy

He will not come along;  
For every house he passes by  
Where children live who do not try."

"Why don't you sing? the others do,

And you could if you would.  
Now listen, and just sound it so"—

But like a block he stood.  
For why? He tried, he shook with fear,  
But not a sound, he had no ear.

W. O. C.



### Learn Your Business.

A YOUNG man in a leather shop used to feel very impatient with his employer for keeping him year after year "handling hides." But he saw the use of it in his after career, when, in an establishment of his own, he was able to tell by the touch the exact quality of the goods. It was only by repetition that the lesson was learned; and so it

is with everything in which we acquire skill. The half-informed, half-skilled in every business outnumber the others, dozens to one.

Daniel Webster once replied to a young man who asked him if there was "any room in the legal profession." "There is always room *at the top*." The better you know your business the more you are likely to rise. You can gather much information by making a wise use of your eyes and ears, and perhaps be able to surprise your employer in an emergency by stepping into the "next man's" place and discharging his duties satisfactorily. So, *learn* your business, and you will find there is "room at the top."

Learn your business! for it is not work that is wanted so much as workers. One hears so much of the unemployed—poor, helpless, sad things. It is indeed a pitiful experience to be "*out*," and it is always difficult to get "*in*" again. But more than half the "*outs*" were unable to keep in, for they had not learnt their business. It is never their own fault, of course, so they think—always luck is against them, or they lack money or friends. It is this that makes their position hopeless. It is useless to bring poor and imperfect goods to the market, and he who comes with nothing at all will go home with an empty purse. Let us away with delusions, learn your business well and you will have something to bring to the labour market, which will be always in demand; stick to your business and you will never need to turn pedlar.

SENEX.



### New Year Again!

How snail-like the years when our life is young,  
And the prospect of good in the distance gleams,  
So far away shows what our hopes have sung,  
And slowly we move to the land of our dreams.  
Will it ever arrive what we long for so  
And to wait for a year! Ah, what shall we do?

But the years have sped, we no longer feel  
As we did when the morning sun was high,  
The speed of the years makes the traveller reel,  
And we think of our long ago youth with a sigh.  
The New Years are here ere the old have sped  
And with double-winged fleetness their joys have fled.

But free is the bird that soars over the stream  
In the bright blue heavens, untouched by its flow;  
And glad is the heart that is lit by the beam  
Of the timeless life, and that basks in the glow  
Of the lovelit sky whose refulgent rays  
Are undimmed by the passing of years and days.

w. o. c.

### Strength in Quietness.

"You took it so calmly that it steadied me," said one recently of one of those uncomfortable and unlooked for happenings that sometimes break suddenly upon a family's serenity. "If you had not been so quiet, I should have gone to pieces." But "going to pieces" never helps anything; it always pulls someone else down. And there is wonderful strength in mere quietness, in holding voice, hand, eye steady in hours of trouble or danger. It is not the one who is strongest of body or most brilliant of mind upon whom others lean in emergencies, but the one who has learned to be quiet and who will not be thrown into a panic.—*Selected.*



### The Two Boys.

LITTLE Mr. Whiney Boy  
Came to town one day,  
Riding on old Growley Grub,  
Screaming all the way;  
Howleyberries in his hat,  
Screecher leaves atop of that,  
Round his neck a ring of squeals,  
Whiney whims upon his heels.  
What d'ye think? That awful day  
Everybody ran away.

Little Mr. Smiley Boy  
Came to town one day,  
Riding on a Grinner Grif,  
Laughing all the way;  
Chuckleberries in his hat,  
Holly leaves atop of that,  
Round his neck a ring of smiles,  
All the very latest styles.  
What d'ye think? That happy day  
Not a body ran away.



### A Help not a Burden.

DID you ever stop to ask what a yoke is really for? Is it to be a burden to the animal which wears it? It is just the opposite. It is to make the burden light. Attached to the oxen in any other way than by a yoke, the plow would be intolerable. Worked by means of the yoke it is light. A yoke is not an instrument of torture; it is an instrument of mercy. It is not a malicious contrivance for making work hard; it is a gentle device to make hard labour light. It is not meant to give pain, but to save pain. And yet men speak of the yoke of Christ as if it were a slavery, and look upon those who wear it as objects of compassion. . . . Christ's yoke is simply His secret for the alleviation of human life, His prescription for the best and happiest method of living.—*Drummond.*

## BAND OF PEACE PAGE.

### "THE OLIVE LEAF."

THE Editor hopes that the readers of THE OLIVE LEAF have missed their paper, which has not appeared at all for four long months. The reason of that is simply that its issue depends, of course, upon that of the *Herald of Peace* with which it is circulated. The latter paper is for the present—and for the present only—published quarterly instead of monthly; soon, we hope, the monthly issue will be resumed, and with it our little paper will appear as usual.

When the OLIVE LEAF was born nine years ago, the fond dream was cherished that it would soon be strong enough to go alone. That has not been realised. It has not grown big enough to do so. It is really a question of money. A bigger paper would mean a bigger cost; but it would also mean a bigger circulation and a bigger return. Could not some of our grown-up young friends help us to start it on an independent life of its own? From the letters received we know that it has been greatly missed, and that is a pity.

### THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

It must not be thought that, because the paper has not grown, the BAND OF PEACE and the CRUSADERS have not. There is really no connection. The societies have been really making splendid progress. Our organiser, Mrs. Dawson, has been busy at work all these months, and a number of Bands have been formed. Our Scottish organiser, Mr. George Aitken, has been very ill, but is better. Under his assiduous care the Union in Scotland is steadily spreading. The last addition to the Union was that of the "Sunbeam Club," Erskine United Free Church, Saltcoats. The name is propitious. The Union exists to spread sunshine and to save the country from the black shadows of War, or, as the poet Whittier called it, "the stormy clangour of War's wild music."

### THE CRUSADERS OF PEACE.

Nor has our new order of chivalry been far behind its parent society. There are now three Chapters of Crusaders

—not many, you will perhaps say, but the Order is unfamiliar to most, and needs knowing in order to appreciate its good points. That will take time, and we have no tales of fiction or distinguished patronage to make it popular like the Scouts Movement. But there is nothing really good in them which may not be a part of our work. As to the plea

that the Scouts are Peace organisations, which is adduced when it is said Peace Movements among the young are not necessary—that is simple nonsense and deceives nobody. Scouting is the subtlest form of soldiering, and, whatever else may be mixed with it, it is "craft," cunning cleverness, designed to make boys enamoured of soldiering, and is covered with a thin coating of chivalrous sentiment. Its real meaning is man-stalking, and was it not the Chief Scout who uttered the famous saying, "The finest game of all is man-hunting"? As to Peace, the folk who are preaching this new crusade of the "Peace Scouts," are all military people and they mean military Peace. Here is the proof of my statement. "Today's paper," which is before me as I write, says that 'Lord Roberts,' who is the most noted of the Boy Scouts, "in presenting the Imperial Trophy and medals, which bear his name, at the County Hall, Spring Gardens, yesterday (December 18th), remarked that he was a *man of Peace*. "That," he proceeded, "is why I am backing up the chairman when he says this is a peaceful council, but I want Peace by our being prepared for war. I know what war is, and I know that the best way of preventing war is to



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let everybody know that we are ready for the fighting to take place."

But that is not the Peace we believe in. It is a misuse of language, and it would simplify matters very much if it were understood that in this usage "Peace" means "War," on the testimony of Lord Roberts himself.

The New Year's Annual gathering of the BAND OF PEACE UNION, will be held at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., on Monday evening, the 8th January, at 4.30 p.m.